

# THE NEW WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

Vol. III. No. 34. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] FEBRUARY 12, 1898. [EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner.] Price 5 Cents.  
 Published at Toronto, from the Territorial Headquarters for Canada, North-West America, Newfoundland and the Bermudas.



## "THE FEAR OF MAN BRINGETH A SNARE."

Many a life of usefulness is crippled through fear of public opinion. Thank God there is Salvation from the fear of man.

From all the care of what men think or say,  
 Cleansing for me;  
 From over fearing to speak, sing or pray,  
 Cleansing for me;

Jesus, although I may not understand,  
 In childlike faith now I put forth my hand,  
 And through Thy word and Thy grace I shall stand,  
 Cleansed by Thee.—THE COMMANDANT.

## HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

ACHAN'S SIN.

Joshua vii.

Achan's Temptation.

**J**ERICO had just been taken. The spoil—that is, the money, possessions, clothing, etc., of the city—lay thick about the ruins. Achan can easily imagine the great temptation to disobey the command of God and enter up a few special treasures. Achan should have prayed especially for grace. Perhaps the reason he fell was because he neglected to call upon the Lord that morning.

**V**erses 1-4. A wonderful help in Prayer! Oh What a Wonderful Help in Prayer! Verse 4. Instead of returning from a conquering army they were a defeated army. God sometimes sends trouble in order to teach us some valuable lesson. It was a severe blow to the Children of Israel. Notice later part of verse 5 and verse 6.

Joshua's Beautiful Prayer.

**V**erse 7. Joshua prays about it. The best thing he could have done. See how he goes right to God's heart when he says, "And what wilt Thou do unto Thy great name?" Yet he ought not to have, nevertheless, to have got so discouraged and faithless. See later part of verse 7.

**V**erse 11. God speaks to Joshua and says, "I have seen this." He tells Joshua the fearful secret about Achan's sin. Look up 2d. Luke xii. 2, 3. Notice that one man's sin caused defeat to a nation. He will be wicked enough to spoil the whole company. One drop of ink will discolor a glass of water, but one drop of water won't make a glass of ink clear. Sin in a terrible thing. Don't play with it. Keep away.

**V**erse 12. God must have clean people before He can give success. Sin must be cast out.

The Sinner Exposed.

**V**erses 13 and 14. He gives distinct and definite orders to Joshua how to find out the guilty party. God is very particular on this point. Imagine Achan's feelings when his turn draws near! How guilty will sinners feel at the Judgment Bar.

**V**erse 15. See Deuteronomy xxiv. 5. This was the way of punishing evildoers in those days. It was kept up even in New Testament days. Witness the stoning of Stephen the Martyr. Acts vii. 54-56.

**V**erses 16, 17 and 18. Joshua obeys the command of God and Achan stands before the whole nation. Truly his selfish pleasure was a short one. Truly his treasures were not enjoyed long. Sin's happiness is always short-lived.

Achan Tells the Sad Story.

**V**erses 20 and 21. Achan confesses. It was too late, though. God's sentence had been passed upon him. He only confesses his sin because he is found out. He is only pained with sincere, heartfelt repentance. We should not wait till found out before we repent our sins.

**V**erse 21. "Two hundred shekels of silver, equal to \$125.00; fifty shekels of gold," equal to \$43.75, "well on the wonderfully deceptive attractiveness of riches. Mention the 'gold fever.' The show God and His eternal riches are alone worth seeking. See Matt. vi. 20.

God Destroys All.

**V**erse 24. Everything perished. God shames nothing and nothing withstanding his vanity and value. Even his oxen, sons and daughters perished. Speak upon these we have influence over. The drunkard leaves his home and children to suffer, the wicked leaves his nation, and the false preacher leads souls to ruin.

**V**erse 26. "A great heap of stones." Doubtless to mark the spot and to be a perpetual reminder to future generations of God's displeasure. Justice was meted out, the wicked had been punished, so "the Lord turned from His anger." God's never-failing justice and righteousness must always punish sin. This explains the necessity for the great Judgment Day. "The Valley of the Son of Man," is "the Valley of trouble." Unto this day. Unto the day Joshua wrote that part of the book.

Leading Thoughts.

1. The attractiveness of sin.
2. One sin brings defeat.
3. We in trouble pray—don't grumble.
4. Sin will hurt you.
5. Sin must be punished.
6. Confession may sometimes come too late.

Questions.

1. What city had just been taken?

## Fit Bits from Miss Booth's Talks.

Three parts of the people whose work is the salvation of souls do not give the poor sinners at the penitent form half enough time to confess their sins to God.

Some of our finest officers, especially in Roman Catholic countries like France, have come to the penitent form as often as twenty-six times.

God have mercy on the man who can bear of sorrow without sympathizing.

Fasten on some notorious character, and for his salvation fasten on God until you get him converted.

When I was a field officer I pinned up over my desk my plan of work for the next day right through until 10 or 10:30 at night. It was there for guidance, signed by myself and the Lieutenant.

A dying man soon of me, after he noticed I had turned up my sleeves and scrubbed his floor, "I believe in her religion, she don't jaw—she does."

Some people have hearts which are as cold as Niagara in winter. Do watch! that yours is not one of this kind.

A man attacked me some time ago with the text which refers to Pharisees praying at the street corners to be seen of men, as an argument against our speaker. I told him that neither praying at the street corners or anywhere else should be done with the motive of being seen of men.

More heroic incidents are not recorded in the Bible than our local officers have been told me of our local officers.

We are shepherds of the flock, when they are in trouble to whom should they turn but to us?

Mind you don't kill in attempting to cure. The sheep will not follow a stranger, the Bible and nature say so, therefore, be acquainted with your people.

I want my officers in every particular to be examples to the world.

2. What was God's command to Joshua? 3. Why was it a sin for Achan to take the gold? 4. How were people put to death in those days? 5. Where was Achan stoned? 6. What lesson can you learn from Achan? 7. What is sin? 8. What is slavery?

Memory Text.

"I have sinned against the Lord God of Israel."

The Tibbury News makes a very kindly reference to the West Ontario Miners' Band, and says among other things: "The instrumental selections by the Band as a whole, and the individual playing on the guitar, mandolin, violin, auto-harp, etc., were simply grand."

Father Miles, Barrie, has read every War Cry for the last twelve years. Says, "It never was as good as it is now." The last two years this has been particularly noticeable. It is intellectual for the mind and spiritual for the soul. Generally instructive for both Salvationists and otherwise. He nearly says every word in it, and thinks the Honor Roll for War Cry sellers a great encouragement. Sell War Cry at a place called Edenville.

Our work is the hardest in the world, but it is the most glorious; and most lasting. All those who win souls shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

The world has never got saved, nor never will be saved from a public platform.

If you want to immortalize your name visit the poor, the sick and the sinner.

Do you complain of an empty penitent form? Go and get somebody saved in a kitchen and some soul will soon be crying for mercy at the penitent form. Do as a lassie did here in Toronto recently. She led a man to the Cross at a street corner.

"Have you over sold War Cry on the street, Miss Booth?" has been a question frequently asked. "Yes thousands, in all places, under all circumstances, and at all times. There was a day when I had the honor of being champion War Cry seller of the Army."

It is impossible for God to have full control of a life and not make His mark on every expression of that life.

Do plenty of knocking at the door of Heaven.

The man who has got ability to inspire others has one of the greatest gifts of God to man.

A thousand sermons are forgotten—a personal word, never.

Love begets love; love, love, sympathy begets sympathy.

I knew an officer who was a lay through pulling a feather bed on his back and carrying it three miles to a place for a poor woman to die on.

God has put the soldiers of the Salvation Army in one of the deepest places of any heart.

Three parts of the world's catastrophes are the result of hate—want of time.

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## COSMOPOLITAN PERSONALIA.

The Commander addressed 1,000 prisoners at San Quentin.

His Consul entertained the children of National Headquarters Staff at Memorial Building, New York, for a Christmas treat.

Lord-Captain Brans is touring through North America.

Joe the Turk had some rather rough handling at Lyons after the meeting. However, the irrepressible Joe is recovering.

Major and Mrs. Parker are appointed Social Secretaries for New England.

The Commander was given a great reception at Chicago by 2,000 people.

Major Edith Marshall, who has just completed six weeks tour, conducts a series of special meetings in Massachusetts before entering Brigadier Streeton's Division.

Major Allen had a delightful week-end at New Brighton in connection with the Naval and Military League. One of the features was a "Sea Festival."

Commissioner Howard and Major Moss landed in England in time for Christmas. The Commissioner speaks in glowing language of the devotion and loyalty of our Indian officers in India, and the courage of all in the famine distress.

## OUR MAIL BAG.

Capt. Arthur Rowe, who left here some months ago, writes from Auburn, N. Y.: "I am still fighting for God. We have been in America about seven months, and must say that we have enjoyed the field work. Americans are always ready to help, and their hearts are great. My anxiety and prayers still continue for our brave comrades in the war. God bless you all."

Adt. and Mrs. Arkett write: "We had a short but very pleasant Christmas at the time of the 35th Anniversary of our much loved Army in Canada, and in a few days we were off and across the river to Ontario. Mrs. Arkett's health since coming to Buffalo, has improved very much. You will please forgive me for not coming in to see you the morning of Christmas. I was so tired and felt that I had not much time to spare. As my work was so full, I was hoping the change would be a blessing to us. We receive your every week and read the news and rejoice to see the victories won. Mrs. Arkett has been on the Canadian field twelve and a half years, and has been stationed as far East as Charlottetown, N. B., which saw some cold days, also as Pictou, Oxford, N. B., North Head (N. B.) later. Myself, I have been to the far West and rode the wrong thousands of miles on the mountains of the wild west, and most dangerous places that a man could go to, holding meetings with the cow-boys, miners and ranchmen. Was stationed in Manitoba in the early days of the Army and saw some cold days, also felt some. Since our union we have been in Ontario over four years, and at present we have a nice little corps in Buffalo and are very much pleased. We find plenty to do and our souls are still consecrated to the service of God and the Salvation Army, to work, watch and pray to help relieve the suffering and the poor, for whom Jesus died. God bless you much. Yours in spirit, Adt. and Mrs. Arkett."

Great things are done by men who have learns to do little things well.

Give up anything for Christ, but don't give up Christ for anything.

You want to be Christlike here if you want to be like Christ hereafter.

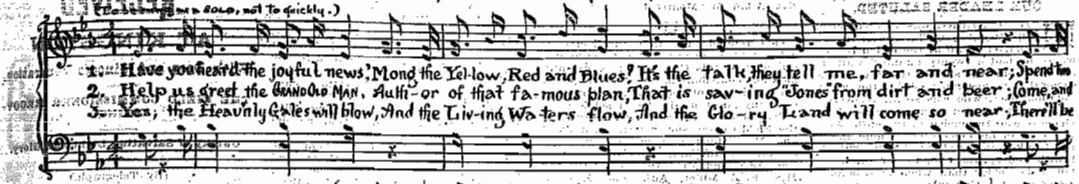
A publican is never so happy as when his spirits are steadily going down.

You must answer for your riches, but your riches cannot answer for you.

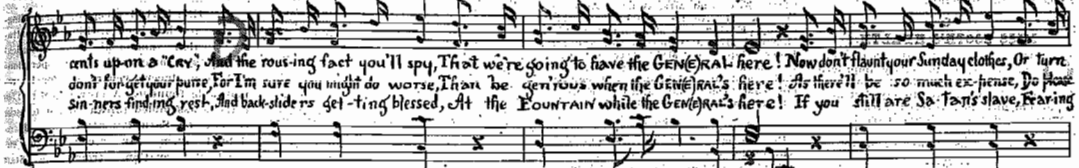
There may be a wrong way to do a right thing, but never a right way to do a wrong thing.

# THE GENERAL HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?

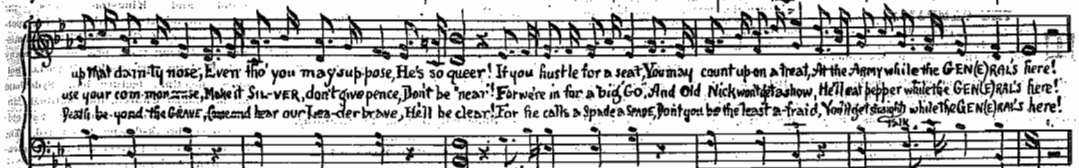
Words and Music by Bro. Sims, Temple Corps, Toronto.



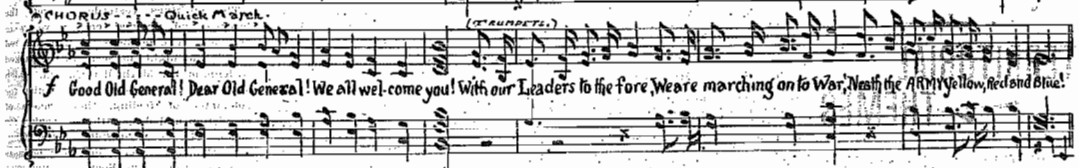
1. Have you heard the joyful news, 'Mong the Yel-low, Red and Blues? It's the talk they tell me, far and near; Spend in  
2. Help us greet the GENE-RA-L, Aul-ti-or of that fa-mous plan, That is 'sav-ing' bones from dirt and beer; (Come and  
3. Yes; the Heavenly Gates will blow, And the Liv-ing Wa-ters flow, And the Glo-ry Land will come so near, There'll be



ants upon a 'Cav', and the rous-ing fact you'll spy, That we're going to have the GENE-RA-L here! Now don't hunt your Sunday clothes, Or turn  
don't forget your purse For I'm sure you might do worse, Than be gen-erous when the GENE-RA-L's here! As there'll be so much ex-pense, Do those  
sin-ners find-ing rest, And back-sid-ers get-ting blessed, At the FOUNTAIN while the GENE-RA-L's here! If you still are Sa-Tan's slave, Bearing



up that do-ri-ty nose, Even tho' you may sup-pose, He's so queer! If you hustle for a seat You may count up on a treat, At the Army while the GENE-RA-L's here!  
use your com-mon-sense, Make it sin-ner, don't give-ence, Don't be 'near'! For-ew-er in a big GO, And Old Nick won't show, He'll eat pop-per while the GENE-RA-L's here!  
Pauli be- yond the GENE-RA-L, Guard hear our sea-der brave, He'll be clear! For he calls a Spade a Spade, Don't you be the least a-raid, You'll get saved while the GENE-RA-L's here!



CHORUS - Quick March.  
Good Old General! Dear Old General! We all wel-come you! With our Leaders to the fore, We are marching on to War, Neath the ARMY Yel-low, Red and Blue!

NOTE: As the space is limited, this is arranged in dotted quavers. Good taste will direct the necessary variations.  
C. G. "Pep-per" will of course be sung D.P.

## THE PACIFIC'S SELF-DENIAL FIGHT AND VICTORY.

The West is All Right—A Splendid Record—Fought Under Unusual Difficulties.

HE is dying, echoes of the Harvest Festival battle had scarcely died away before the busy sound of the approaching Self-Denial Campaign, and called every officer to prepare for action.

It must not be supposed that gold is got even in the golden West without toll of brain and sweat of brow, even among the hardy miners, much less among God's tireless workers for the welfare of soul and body. Of course there are parasites and leeches, who live on the ignorance, sins and sorrows of the people, but these are a disgrace to the community.

The Campaign was entered upon in the enthusiastic and hopeful spirit, characteristic of the Pacific officers, and but for their quiet reserve many stories could be told, which would make very interesting reading—accounts of visits to mining camps, long journeys, fifty and a hundred mile drives into the cold, snowing villages, days and nights of hard walking, etc. All endured and gloried in for Jesus' sake.

Nor do we forget, or lightly esteem, the same devotion and tireless effort of the part of our local officers and soldiers through whose

Many Co-operation the Victory was Won.

To a few of our D. O.'s it was their first S.-D. battle, but they distinguished themselves very well—will do better next year we doubt.

A tour was planned whereby almost every corps in the Division would be visited, either by the P. O. or myself, but, alas, the elements played "hide and seek" with us both. It was the first visit of the P. O. to Mount Vernon since it had been transferred to us, and he was very anxious to get there. This was impossible by train; nothing daunted, however, he hired a rig to drive, but learned when some miles on the way, amidst drenching rain, that the dyke had burst—the bridges and culverts were washed away—and Mount Vernon was under water. He was therefore reluctantly obliged to retreat.

The writer had arranged a tour to visit nine corps in two weeks, and a desperate attempt succeeded in visiting only three. It would take up too much valuable space to record the experience of this trip, which was best known to the writer, but it is not the most agreeable experience to find himself in a little way-side junction at 230 a. m. in a blinding snow-storm, to be told there had been a wash-out and no train for three or four days—which means a week. Telegraph wires gone, bridges washed away, landslides, etc., and about five hundred miles away from home. Difficulties in other ways confronted us.

Through some cause or other  
**No S.-D. Matter Arrived**  
for three districts; this caused postponements and delays and quite a few corps reached their targets after all, collecting hundreds of dollars without even a collecting card, poster, document, or appeal of any sort excepting the winning, irresistible appeal of a Christ-inspired soul, which after all is the most powerful. Still all these things had to be met. Other corps suffered, but as will be seen by the following brief notes the Pacific came out alright. To God be all the glory.

We lay it at His feet and march on to renewed onslaught on the devil's kingdom and the salvation of souls.

I.	Our target .....	\$150.
II.	Raised over target .....	\$113.41.

District.	D. O.	Amount.
B. C. Coast, Adj. Phillips .....		\$1016.93
Spokane, Staff-Capt. Watson .....		672.56
Kootenai, Ensign Woodruff .....		475.00
Helena, Ensign Badington .....		420.55
Butte, Adj. Barnes .....		333.00
Livingston, Ensign Wale .....		226.90
New Whatcom, Ensign Barr .....		63.00
Alaska corps, Capt. Stagers .....		50.00
Total .....		\$3225.41

**B. C. Coast District.**  
British Columbia has gained an enviable reputation throughout the District for genuine liberality. It is not surprising, therefore, to find it the champion District of the Division.  
Adj. and Mrs. Phillips steered the ship and left no stone unturned to achieve this magnificent result.  
Adj. and Mrs. Ayre, of Vancouver, did splendidly, raising \$300 in the corps, while Ensign and Mrs. Patterson raised \$154. The Ministerial Association took up the matter, and collections were made in all the churches, thus raising the above noble sum. God bless the Ministerial Association of Vancouver. Say "Amen."  
Plucky New Westminster armistice reached the Historic City—Vancouver.  
Capt. and Mrs. Brown reached their target in spite of difficulties.  
Victoria Shelter raised \$50.

**Spokane District**  
The opening of the Shelter in Spokane was the income of its noble effort of \$200. Ensign Walton and Capt. Bailey's tireless efforts, coupled with indomitable pluck, accomplished this victory.  
Capt. Woodham collected \$75 for the Rescue Home, Well done, Captain.  
Capt. Moffatt, of Kallispell, went over her target, and at Moscow Capt. Shear reached his target also, collecting \$42 himself.

**Helena District.**  
This District was commanded by one of our young and promising D. O.'s, Ensign Babington. She not only went over her own target, but each corps in the District reached it, and two over. Ensign Miller, of Missoula, and Capt. McPeck, of Great Falls, also Capt. Lester, of Helena, deserve special honorable mention, also their assistants.

**Butte District.**  
The District was doomed to disappointment and delay caused by the non-arrival of S.-D. matter from Headquarters. This was most unfortunate indeed, and affected the District considerably. Still the Capt. Ziebart, without a collecting card even, went over their target and raised \$135.

**Livingston District.**  
Ensign Wale reached her targets and the District did very well.  
Ensign Fitzpatrick raised \$119.99 at Bozeman.  
Livingston and Bozeman are all right.

**Kootenai District.**  
One of our new D. O.'s, Ensign Woodruff, assisted by Capt. Wilkie, commanded this rich mining district, and did magnificently—raising \$75 in Rossland, while Ensign Elayous and Capt. Southall, of Nelson, raised \$200. It will be evident that \$75 for two corps is no small accomplishment. Well done, comrades.

**New Whatcom District.**  
Lieut. Harris and Prentice held the fort in New Whatcom and collected \$30, and Capt. Quant, of Mount Vernon, \$13. These two corps comprising this District are the recent transfers in exchange for Boise City, Idaho.

**Alaska.**  
Capt. Stagers and Lieut. Thorkildson, Alaska, did \$50 in Juneau.  
Thus ended the S.-D. effort of 1917. Bravely undertaken and cheerfully done. It is impossible to mention everyone, or cite many soldiers would come in for worthy mention, but the least "don't" in His name will be reckoned by the Master as done to Him and for Him.  
J. WATSON.

PRAYER IS ONLY ANSWERED FOR CHRIST'S GLORY.

THE SIEGE FEBRUARY 20th TO APRIL 20th. THE SIEGE







# The General's Trans-Continent

## A SERIES OF SPLENDID FIGHTS AND GLORIOUS VICTORIES.

### Canada Shows Her Appreciation of Our Great General and His Work.

#### HALIFAX.

Blissard Without, Blessings Within.

SEVENTY SURRENDERED FOR A FREE USE AND A FULL SALVATION.

Stirring Lessons in Salvation Fighting.



THE GENERAL landed in and left the city of Halifax in a biting fierce blizzard—one newspaper stating that for severity it was the worst experienced for some years. As that may be, it was sufficient to deny the train on Friday night, and thus postpone for thirty minutes, the beginning of the General's welcome in the Royal Academy of Music. It only served, however, to heighten the feverish desire of the officers and soldiers to see their General, and the vast audience to more enthusiastically welcome the man whose name is bound up with so much that is benevolent and hopeful for the future.

Halifax was consequently in a fine mood to receive the General. Our standing in the city is higher than it has been for years. The Rescue and Shelter work has dispelled prejudice and made our purpose clear to the many people who determined their attitude toward us by what they see in a stray winter's evening—such as a few Salvationists standing near a saloon singing heartily a song of salvation, or shouting a warning appeal to a set of apparently listless toughs.

The atmosphere of the Academy of Music was warm—spiritually warm I mean. Men's faces were wreathed in smiles. The women-soldiers waved handkerchiefs, and the friends, who included a large number of ministers and leading citizens, saluted the General in the heartiest manner. The Honorable Mr. McIntosh presided. He was supported by the Mayor and other citizens.

Preliminaries were dispensed with. The General was on his feet several minutes after he took his chair on the stage ready for business. The vicerous cheering at once gave place to a silence, which was a more telling tribute to the interest of the people in his message, than were the plaudits of a few minutes before. The General was in excellent form. He

for the contagion of an intensely sympathetic people. He had his notes on the speaking desk, but he rarely consulted them. In an hour he captivated everyone, and the papers reporting this meeting said:

"The demonstration of enthusiasm among the Salvationists as their great leader, upon whose the signs of advancing age are growing, came before them for the third time was pleasing and touching, showing how heartfelt is their service and how honest their devotion."

"General Booth spoke for over an hour, in which he traced out the achievements of the Army, on which he appealed to the audience to judge the merits of the institution. He then showed the work of the Army spiritually and socially and demonstrated not only the widening popularity of the movement, but the great progress of its social work."

"Mr. Durkoyne characterized the General as a real millionaire in a speech moving a vote of thanks. Being a millionaire doesn't mean necessarily the possession of dollars; one can possess richly other things and thereby be a millionaire. And so it was that General Booth was a real Christian millionaire. The enlightenment which the audience had received must have been the inspiration invoked at the beginning of the meeting, which the audience must infinitely take away with them."

"Mayor Stephen spoke a few words of appreciation of the General's address, and of the work of the Salvation Army in seconding the vote of thanks."

"Mr. McIntosh, before the close of the meeting, made a few statements in correction of a popular misapprehension. It was generally supposed that the work of the Army consisted of simply marching the streets, headed by a band, and attending the meetings in the barracks on Brunswick street."

The chairman then gave a brief sketch of the local work of the Salvation Army referring to the Social operations, and also the spiritual in terms of earnest praise.

The General responding to the vote of thanks, regretted the absence of his daughter, our beloved Commissioner, through illness, and then moved a vote of thanks to the chairman which he also seconded. The audience showed their approval by a display of both hands.

#### THE SOLDIERS OF HALIFAX.

The General was impressed with them. Liberty of spirit—display of uniform, de-

votion and earnestness, prayer, enthusiasm in singing, and beaming countenances—were, when they are bound together, almost infallible signs of the true Blood and Fire spirit.

The 300 to 400 soldiers who assembled in No. 1 Barracks on Saturday night, deserve this verdict on them at least.

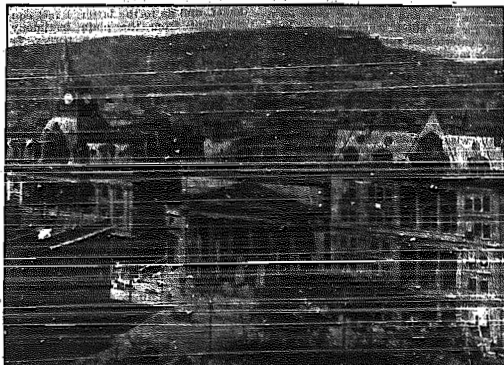
But the General is too wise a general to imagine that appearances indicate everything.

Had they ALL clean hearts? Were they ALL filled with a tender, sensitive holy passion for souls? Were they ALL living up to the light God had given them?

—old, and young ladies in mantles, old and young gentlemen in top hats—the snow-ploughs, and a thousand and one other evidences.

If the writer had been a Gentile he wouldn't have ventured out on Sunday morning—no, not if Pontius Pilate had been advertised to lecture on "What is truth?"

Was writing looked into one of the most fashionable and popular churches in the city on Sunday night to study the effect of the blizzard on it. The sight of it refrigerated him—there were fifteen worshippers present, and he on't recovered his equilibrium when he got inside the



PART OF MONTREAL FROM TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME.

These questions were in the background of the General's talk—although long before he got to them the occasion was made the very most of for encouraging their faith, inspiring hope, and cheering them on in the battle. There were flashes of pure wit and apt humor in the General's address, which just delighted the merry hearts of the soldiers, but they were equally sober and solemn when the General used the salvation plough to get at the motive and purity of their consecration.

Of course the penitent form was made bare for definite work, and under a battery of song led by the versatile Colonel, it was soon crowded with sincere, sorrowful convicted soldiers, and one or two for salvation. For somehow you can always reckon upon a stray friend crossing the threshold of a soldiers' council who has not the "wedding garment" on.

Some of those who knelt for purity were very interesting. Several belonged to the recent converts of No. 1 corps, some sought deliverance from temper, pride, and fear of man, while a proportion admitted that they were confirmed bachelors. The number was forty-three in all—a total which seemed very nearly to exhaust the actual record of the meeting—a reflection which speaks well for the present spiritual state of the corps. Long may it continue to flourish on these lines.

#### A COLD SUNDAY

And What Happened.

The writer of this is an Englishman by adoption, and a Scotchman by birth. He is not given to exaggeration. But he admits that he may be in danger of over-estimating the effect of the blizzard on the crowds that gathered three times to hear the General next day (Sunday) in the Academy of Music. He therefore feels back upon indisputable testimony. Ever-loyal told that Halifax was under a blizzard all day—a newspaper reporter assured him that it was the severest that the city had had for three years. This was supported by the press next day, the reeling of the thespians, and the shivering, chilled look of the pedestrians in the streets, old and young

Academy of Music where 200 people were being held spell-bound by the General's matchless and arrow-like preaching on Death, and Judgment, and Eternity.

But back to the chronological order of things.

The morning's meeting was well attended and eight came forward, including a soldier who testified very stoutly God's call to sacrifice—the night before. The afternoon's meeting was mighty. The General was merciless in his description of the people who held the world in one hand and tried to keep Christianity in the other. The gentleman with whom the General was bulletted declared it to be the most fearless exposition of truth as it affects human motive, that he had ever listened to. The sight of the people as they sat nailed by the power of God to their seats, was at times oppressive. Three yielded, "I wonder even at that number doing so," remarked an officer in a spirit which we have no wish to impugn, "for the Christianity which the General has been calling the people to embrace is almost foreign to what they are taught, and I mean no reflection on anyone; the General preached it as a possibility, 'show us an ideal.'"

Perhaps there is something in what the officer said, but there was no consolation to the spirit in it. The General is only concerned with results, and three out of seven hundred people is not a proportion to elate our leader. He served his aim, so to speak, for the evening battle.

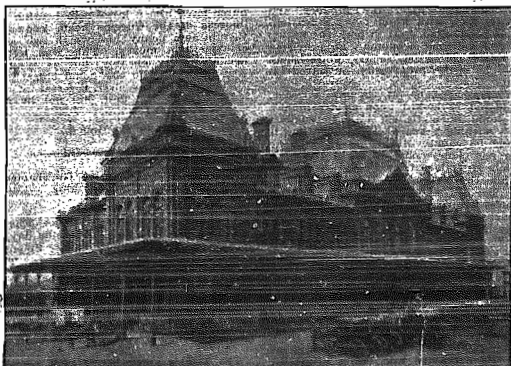
#### THE FINISH.

A powerful convicting time—in every sense a worthy sequel to the afternoon meeting on the face of the General.

Fifteen minutes' exercise of faith, prayer, pleading, singing and not a ripple on the waters.

Anguish, perplexity, sorrow, punctured on the face of the General.

Another strong urging to action brought signs of a response. The General's eagle eye discerns weak spots in the enemy, an ex-husbandman of No. 1, a former Bergr-Major of an Old



BOAVENTURE DEPOT, C.T.R. STATION, MONTREAL.









# THE GENERAL'S TOUR PETERBORO.

(CONTINUED).

## WESTERN CAMPAIGN.

VICTORIA, B.C.

Wednesday, March 8th.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

Thursday, March 10th.

SPOKANE, Wash.

Saturday and Sunday, March 12th and 13th. Auditorium.

WINNIPEG, Man.

Wednesday and Thursday, March 16th and 17th.

The General's Speeches Receive

A Loyal Ovation at the Railway Depot.

THE GENERAL'S SPEECH RECEIVES

BENEFICIAL ATTENTION.

The Opera House Resounds with Enthusiasm.

The Opera House Resounds with Enthusiasm.

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but in morality and religion." Then

turning from the ironical to the tender,

the General brought before every mind,

the grand possibility of a salvation for

even the worst. The lowest and vilest

of to better things—not too dead in

trespasses but that they could not be

quicker by the touch of love. "The

General," he said, "we have found that

the fountain is not dried. Thousands of

men and women have forgotten how to

weep, but we teach them how to weep

again."

Such powerful arguments backed up

by the colder but conclusive statement of

statistical figures, and such touching

details as the narrative of the man whom

after three hundred lashes had failed to

submit, succeeded to the Christian love

of a Salvationist's sympathy, won the

hearts of all. Not only was the work

understood, but the General himself took

a deeper place in the confidence and

respect of his hearers.

"Isn't he wonderful?" one fashionable

lady exclaimed irresistibly.

The chairman at the close of the Gen-

eral's address, invited anyone to ask the

General a question bearing on the Social

work or any matter which they have

suggested itself to their minds arising

out of the General's observations.

His Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen,

rose to ask the General a question re-

specting what the Army did for the

proliferous boys of the wilds of the North

West and other places.

"Will give you an instance?" responded

the General, rising to reply, and forth-

with told an up-to-date narrative of

the Army's dealings with the wanderers.

The General concluded with prayer a

gathering which had been productive of

solid conviction on the question for

which the Army pleads, and for which

it fights.

The Mass meeting in the Dominion

Methodist Church was a superb effort

and a high-water success. This can be

applied to every aspect of it. The large

and beautiful building was crowded in

every part. Two-thirds of the audience

had occupied places half an hour before

the stated time of commencement. Those

who entered after that had to be con-

tented with standing. The Rev. Dr. Aber-

nethy, a minister and Christian worker in

the city were present, fifteen to twenty mem-

bers of both Houses of Parliament, the

leading business and representative men

and women of every school of thought

and religious life. His Excellency the

Governor General presided, and was ac-

companied by his Ladyship the Countess

of Aberdeen. His Excellency was

supported by Sir James Grant, the Rev.

Dr. Saunders, etc., etc. It was also

attended by a meeting in respect to the

union of all citizens of the Dominion

no other religious organization in the

Dominion could bring together.

As a picture of human sympathy, with

a greater and more universal appeal,

the Dominion could bring together.

The General's speech was given

without notes. He had come to the

meeting to speak from the heart.

His Lordship spoke right nobly and

eloquently. His speech was historic in

its review of the Army, interlarded in

its acknowledgments of the noble and

unrestrained in admiration for the

General and his co-workers. It was

enriched with passages of humor, and

flavored with witty, Scottish witicism.

That for example, was well put, when

referring to the Army's mistakes—"the

man that never made a mistake, never

made anything." His Lordship made

also some very pertinent observations,

such as that there had been a great deal

of hot spots and written against the

S. A. The public had made a mistake

about the Army. It had found out that

the Army was doing good work, and

the public opinion—which the General

afterwards saluted for its fickleness—

was to say almost universal on the side

of that good work.

The General's speech deserves to take

rank as among his finest. His voice was

in strong and clear condition, and al-

though he spoke for one solid hour and

a half, no person seemed his or hor

place and not an eye was diverted from

his movements on the platform. Pro-

portionate and symmetrical in arrange-

ment, concise and clear in his statements,

and, especially, so direct and so eloquent

in his declarations of the folly and ex-

travagance of punishment as a means of

reformation, logical in argument, heart-

moving in his appeal to the human

and soul-convicting in his reference to

the power by which the deeds of the

Army were accomplished—his speech was

followed each other in quick succession

in the compassing of his wide subject.

The General was continually turning the

end of some conclusive sentence straight

into the consciences of his hearers. At

times his words were so direct and so

sometimes sinners were hit, sometimes

he gave truly a word of counsel and

warning to his own people—few went

from the doors without having had some

part of his spiritual anatomy worked

with the General's bullets of fiery search-

ing truth. His peroration was inspired.

In the light of a peculiarly forcible il-

lustration, we saw the vital soul penet-

sities which had brought Christ to Cal-

vary, given birth to the Salvation Army,

and activated the individual sacrifice of

every Christian follower and soul saved

then for one brief moment, the General

carried his vast and almost breathless

audience within sound of golden harps

and angelic songs, and showed a world

of all that effort, pain or earthly losing

cannot if for one soul's salvation, be

any other than eternally worth while.

Something like a quiet, calm, sing-

ing asked Lord Aberdeen, as he rose to

close this truly wonderful meeting. The

Doxology was started, whether by His

Excellency or by Colonel Lawley it is not

hard to say. The grand old praise

song burst with new feeling from heart

of peer and citizen, ecclesiastic and Sal-

vationist.

Next morning found the General, the

Field Commissioner and staff again on

board the cars, this time en route for

Peterboro, leaving behind hundreds of

Ottawa hearers besting heart and soul

Army and the Army's General. Adj.

McLean and his soldier staff who

worked unflinchingly for the success have

every person to feel full of joy. And

they do!

Victoria, B. C.—Since the New Year we

have had many changes. Capt. Bowers

and Lieut. Gains, who for some months

worked faithfully in our midst, have

gone to other corps, and Ensign Stevens

and Lieut. Krell take their places. With

God's help we are striving to extend His

Kingdom here in spite of difficulty. One

son came out for salvation and two were

enrolled as soldiers, also one band leader

transferred into the Salvation Army. Several

are missing from our audience who

have gone out sailing, but there are

still many who are not on the Lord's

Ottawa list, and we are sure that soon

we shall see them saved and happy.—A.E.T.

PETERBORO appears a

town of considerable good

taste, common sense, and

to have the courage of

its convictions. In short

the Salvation Army. The

local corps is well worthy

of the officers' trust, and since into

the faces of the gallant Salvationists

which flooded the railway depot left no

doubt about it. The platform was blocked

—all wanted to squeeze where only the

few could possibly stand, namely, close

to the particular car from which the

General was to alight. What seemed a

great number of people came out—officers

with bags and bundles of all sorts, sizes

and conditions. The exit of luggage and

staff seemed interminable, though in

reality it occupied not more than three

brief minutes. The patience of the crowd

was tried. The excitement increased. At

last he came—the long-looked-for

well-beloved General, preceded by his

warrior daughter, the Field Commis-

sioner. Peterboro's first enthusiasm

found relief in three hearty volleys,

which followed the General into the

carriage. Round the conveyance were

eagerly clambered, heedless of the snow-

drifts, while the General audibly ac-

knowledged their welcome, and spoke

of the party warmly, and the city

Salvationists wished for the greater gen-

erous night's occupation—viz., a political

meeting. Had the opera house been a

Salvation Army, there might not have

been more freedom of salvation enthu-

siasm and had there been time there is

little doubt but that the opening of a

meeting of the kind at the close of the

meeting would have resulted in some definite

salvation scenes.

The chairman, Mr. Stratton, who

also acted as General during his

visit, made a happy and par-

ticularly friendly speech. He laughingly

told the audience that should they get

the call to his assistance the greater gen-

eral of the day. He told the General

there was no city where the Army was

well-known and sympathy and well-

earned respect had been so great.

When the loud and spontaneous cheer-

ing which greeted his standing up, had

ceased, the General thanked the warm-

hearted crowd for their enthusiastic

Sergt. McDougall, Goderich .....	12
Ensign Andrews, Berlin .....	7
Myrtle Crawford, Clinton .....	6
Mrs. Capt. Stubbs, Seaforth .....	8

pushing the sale of our much-loved C  
we shall rejoice with you over yo  
glorious achievements.

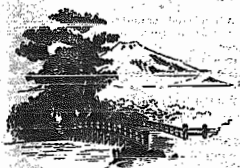
Yours still flowing,

He will not chide thee for the sinful past  
Nor turn aside thy tempted soul;  
With love as boundless as 'tis free.

There eternally praise  
The blest Ancient of Days,  
For His love made us ready to die.

# Record Breaking and Record Making in Japan.

BY MRS. COLONEL BAILEY.



JAPANESE VIEW

Showing the Sacred Mountain, Fuji-san, in the distance.

THE ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS have indeed been of a very out-of-the-ordinary character. To begin with, they were held, not in a great city, but in a little country town, some seventy miles out of Tokyo, where the Army had never before appeared.

The Colonel had decided to commence village work, and thought no time more fitting and so arranged to hold three special meetings, officers' councils, etc. in the very place where the new corps was to be opened.

As may be imagined, the presence of one thirty officers in the small place made no little stir.

Especially was this the case when the news spread that the theatre was being taken possession of for the three days by the strange folks, calling themselves as artists. People came in crowds—a motley and unique sight. The Chief of the Police and the head men of the district were there. The coolie, farmer and laborer came along. Mothers with babies on their backs, young men, old men, women and children crowded to the doors, some able to get in and others only to hear "Too late! Full up! You can't get in to-night."

Daisy Newcomb and her Cadets had worked hard in making preliminary arrangements, and all rejoiced over the results already won both at the opening meetings and at the meetings held since. Such a lot of unusual things happened. To begin with, just as all arrangements were in hand and the meetings were to start on the following Monday, lo and behold, at five o'clock on Saturday morning a cable arrived instructing our Chief Secretary, Brigadier Powell, to sail the following day (Sunday) on a boat leaving at nine o'clock in the morning. Isn't that record-breaking with a vengeance? On the eve of a special campaign, without any previous intimation, and in the important position of Chief Secretary for the Territory, he sails for an appointment in a new country four thousand miles away!

"Twenty-eight Hours' Notice!"



A DOMESTIC "GREAT EVENT"—THE NEW BABY.

Can any country beat this for despatch? Please let's hear from you.

The object lesson of a good man thus leaving a loved country and people at a moment's warning, was not without its helpful results upon officers and soldiers alike.

Another starter came from the "Band." Two weeks before the Anniversary meetings a great cleaning and polishing of brass instruments took place, and the Japanese had officers about Tokyo began to learn to play. How to sound the notes they knew not. Yet a fortnight later they marched out at the special meetings as a real creditable band with a considerable number of tunes from which they can select.

Another innovation was the making of a slight change at the door for admission fee. This was heartily given and the new corps organized with, at any rate, ambition to do something, however



A LEISURELY CONFAB.

little towards the support of the work in their midst.

A rather amusing incident occurred in the first meeting. The singing was going well, the band playing, the officers were enthusiastic—must I tell it—a few

were almost dancing in their joyousness, when, to everyone's consternation the revolving platform on which the officers were arranged began to sink beneath them!

Did anybody scream or faint? Was there a panic, a rush? Not a bit of it.



AN AQUATIC OPERATION.

## WAR CRY PLATFORM.

CAPTAIN MCGILL.

Life's Short Day.

We are again and again reminded of the shortness and uncertainty of life. As in a battle the men are falling but the cannon's roar or the whistling of bullets is not heard. Unseen and unheard comes the arrow, and down sinks another in our midst. Social ties, family ties, are rudely broken, and all so unexpectedly. We see the widow's terrors, we hear the orphan's cry, and we know the fatal dart has done its work.

Men of Yesterday are Missing To-day.

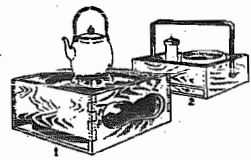
None never to return. A deep spiritual sleep rests upon many. They do not realize what has happened. A dull stupor appears to becloud the mind. They dream, dream of long life, wealth, happiness when in a moment the hand of death is upon them.

It is an awful thing to die. The sinner shrinks back—he takes a hurried review of life, he peers in a wild way into the future, he starts back against the prospect. But life ebbs out, as darkness gathers around him.

His Struggles Become Painful.

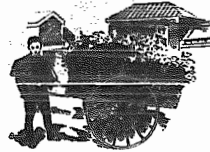
the voices of his friends die away. He is alone. Oh, what a moment! Not one cheering thought, not one ray of hope, darkness and despair overwhelm. There we leave him. Oh, how awful to die this way! However bitter sin may make life here, it will be worse yonder. Oh, man, wake up! Soon on Time's swift-flowing river you will be borne to the mouth and will pass out into the great unbounded ocean of eternity. The probation of earth over. Will it be wrath or bliss—Hell or Heaven? Which?

MCGILL.



JAPANESE COOKING RANGE.

Letters are constantly received (at our Social Reform Institution for Men, Winnipeg) from different parts of the world testifying to the good done apart from religious work. Adj. Cass had yesterday before him a large pile that had accumulated during the last two months. One was from a young man at Crookston, who formerly had a good position, but lost it through drink and afterwards being led back to sobriety through the influence of the Army, regained prosperity to such an extent that he is now getting \$50 a month. Another letter was from Copenhagen, Denmark, who inquired for her husband: he was found in Mactled. —News Bulletin. Winnipeg.



JAPANESE FLOWER SELLER.



ADJUTANT MCGILLIVRAY

SOME THINGS BE SAID

REPORTED BY HIM

It doesn't seem to have darkened the soul's experience.

It is not in a man to have a cross; it is in a sin to shirk the cross.

When God sanctified me He emptied me of about thirty cart-loads of treasure.

Can I be honest and refuse to testify that Jesus has saved me.

Behind every victorious life there is a grave—something sacrificed, dead, buried.

Hiding behind God, difficulties that were mountains high—specially melt to mole hills.

There's nothing like a living, saving knowledge of the personal saving and keeping power of the Son of God.

God is not very real to a lot of His professed followers; they don't know where they are at, half the time.

The devil never left a man or woman of his own accord—he's got to be driven away.

One's portion walk in a lesser light—life when an unmistakable call has come to enter a fuller.

If you sow sin, you'll reap a bountiful harvest; but if you sow good, you will also reap a bountiful harvest. Hallelujah!

It is almost as if my whole lifetime is going to mean for me one smile from my Saviour in Heaven, gladly will I endure, and toil, and suffer.

The devil doesn't care how much punishment I've got, if he can keep me from identifying and confessing it. That's his game.

If a child handles charcoal there will be smut on his hands. If he can't keep his Christian hindlers in anything questionable, he'll be smutted.

A friend once told me about himself. He said, "When working at my trade I used to look ahead eagerly, longing for a 'chance'." Afterward I became a painter in the business, and then those longings ceased. Lots of Christians long for a 'chance' who, if partakers in the business, would like by faith, trusting Him day by day.

Thanksgiving is not as general as it should be. The farmer often goes around with thumb in mouth, lamenting his misfortunes instead of thanking his Great Giver for what he does enjoy. No wonder, his grain doesn't grow. The wonder is it doesn't grow from the other way, or isn't all this time.

A captain engaged a pilot to take him into the harbor at night. He was the best pilot there. The captain remarked that he probably knew every rock and shoal in those waters. The pilot replied, "I don't know where the rocks are, but I know where they are not." That's it: keep away from the rocks of danger.

There is not much desperation on the side of truth and God, but a very great deal on the side of the devil. His playing his cards right well. It's an appalling thing in this 19th century, that the Church of God dare not step out and denounce sin, high and low. The ungodly rule, because they've got the almighty dollar. God helping me, I've made up my mind, I'll be honest in my purpose to tell the whole truth of God.

A certain minister put up at a hotel once for a day. On leaving he asked for a reduction in his bill on account of his calling. The landlord said he would speak to his wife about it. He soon returned, half-dressed, with his hands behind his back, saying he (the minister) had never prayed with them. He didn't even ask a blessing, didn't in short, show his colors; and as he had carried himself like a sinner, and acted like a sinner, he would have to pay like a sinner. Show your colors whenever you go.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John W. K. Printing House, 13 Albert Street, Toronto.

Doll, and when almost in front of the fugitives, the horse snited to their side of the road, passed, snuffing in the air. Her rider little suspecting what little he had to be the cause of it, manoeuvre made it "Get out of this." It was no small relief when horse and rider had passed and the fugitives were able to move from their dangerous neighbors. It is well known that these words were inhaled by

## Venomous Serpents.

and the voice of Hattie and her husband without harm, she attributes to Him "Who closed the lion's mouths, and that of the serpent Paul chook off in the first."

Once in the Quaker settlement their greatest danger was over. The "Friends" provided for their needs and often assisted them on their way. "Work was given them, and they remained, with an assumed name, for some weeks, near Albany. Being well paid for their work, and having been so long since commencing their journey, it was thought safe to finish the run on the train.

All went well till nearing the Border line the Conductor passing through the car, eyed them very closely, and asked them if they knew Mrs. Chambers. Their frightened faces were a sufficient answer. "He's in the next car," and enquired if there were any.

## Niggers on this Train.

"I'll tell him 'No'!" The Conductor befriended them, and though this peculiar circumstance, was nearly the destruction of all their brightened prospects and well-earned liberty, they were again delivered.

One can almost see them as they stood across the Border line, drinking in the sweet, pure, free air of sweet Canada. They were free! Oh, how glad the thought—but were they free? What then meant those heavy chains? Why were they not left behind? Slaves still! Bitter bondage! Hard, galling service!

(To be Continued.)

No wonder the War Cry gets very few stories from the workers on the field. They are too busy making history to write it. One such says in a letter: "I began to write something while I was fasting, but I was so sick I could not think straight. Before my brain would work I was back to the platform again. My half-written story lies in the desk along with many other half-done things all around me." The Editor would be hard-hearted indeed who could not accept such an excuse as the above.

(Our New Series)

## THE RIGHT

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH

## CHAPTER V

A FIRST HAND ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF A QUAKER IN THE GREAT NORTH.

BEFORE NIGHT the simple plans were laid, and with a determination to go through, if it meant hot life, she bade her friends good-bye.

When she made her way to the Master's place, and under the cover of the darkness secured and harnessed a horse to a sort of light democrat. Then she went to a farm some distance where her husband was working (he would not go without taming him, "but even here her independent spirit shows itself. "The a-swine, you can do as you please." He at once resolved to accompany her, though he, being free, might have left in a less dangerous way. He proved his noble love for his wife and told her they would go together.

## For Better or Worse.

"How to get just as far away as possible before pursuit, was the all-absorbing theme."

The horse's head was again turned from home, and they made the most of their way off. Driving to the verge of the town, they tied the horse to a tree and stole quietly through the silent streets. Now again a pause. Here are two roads—one, the main road, the best and nearest; the other a poorer road, less travelled but further. The long way round was chosen. On they hurried, through the early hours of morning, with loud beating hearts and bated breath. It seemed as though every leaf or crackling branch beneath their feet would betray them. Only when the sun's rays penetrated their path did they pause to rest, being as near as they could judge about twenty-five miles from the starting point.

That they would require food, had been entirely forgotten in the excitement of the start, and all day they hid in the woods, not daring to venture out in quest of food. The long hours at length passed, and as soon as darkness once

more protected them, they made the best of their way on. The road was not many a tumble was made, yet the fugitives tarried not, for were they not every step that much nearer freedom. Oh, would it ever be so!

Three days passed in hiding, three nights in

## The Place for Life.

before they dared even to seek the new, early-needed food.

"But I won't hunger so much," says Chambers, "for any heart was in my mouth, do whole blessed time!"

At length they approached a dwelling, and sure, were guided by Him whose air is "sent down to the cry of the oppressed. It was to a Quaker they had appealed for help and refuge. They were sent to a wheat field for hiding, and a substantial meal provided. It was while here they first saw Hattie's Master riding along the road. Evidently he was making inquiries, but the Quaker and his family were true to their trust. They were now on the fair way to friends, and so to liberty, and since receiving food and friendly counsel their flagging spirits revived. They were directed where to go to find friends along their way.

Once again were they to realize that a hunt was made for them, and very narrow was their escape from discovery.

At night, plodding along a lonely place of road, when their quickened ears caught a sound of horse's hoofs in the distance.

Such! If we can Doll that Master's Chambers rides. Aunt Hattie thinks she would have known Doll's pit-a-pat-at at among a thousand. No time to lose.

## Over the Fence, There, Quiet!

Yes, they were on the other side at last, but—horror—what is this? Hattie found herself among a bed of snakes. In the dim moonlight she saw one head slowly raised, as if in astonishment at the intruder, but for her life she dared not move again.

On they came, Master Chambers and old

"HATTIE FOUND HERSELF AMONG A BED OF SNAKES."